ACHILLES:

AN

OPE A.

——— ——— ———deceperat omnes
(In quibus Ajacem) ſumptæ fallacia veſtis
OVID. Metam. lib. xiii.

Naturam expellas furcâ licet, uſque recurret. HOR.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. GAY.

Spoken by Mr. QUIN.

I Wonder not our Author doubts ſucceſs;
One in his circumſtance can do no leſs.
The dancer on the rope that tries at all,
In each unpractis'd caper, riſques a fall:
I own I dread his tickliſh ſituation;
Critics deteſt poetic innovation.
Had Ic'rus *been content with ſolid ground,*
The giddy vent'rous youth had ne'er been drown'd.
The Pegaſus *of old had fire and force,*
But your true modern is a carrier's horſe,
Drawn by the foremoſt bell, afraid to ſtray;
Bard following bard, jogs on the beaten way.
Why is this man ſo obſtinate an elf?
Will he, alone, not imitate himſelf?
His ſcene now ſhews the heroes of old Greece;
But how? 'tis monſtrous! In a comic piece.
To buſkins, plumes, and helmets what pretence,
If mighty chiefs muſt ſpeak but common ſenſe?
Shall no bold diction, no poetic rage,
Fome at our mouths and thunder on the ſtage?
No—'tis Achilles, *as he came from* Chiron,
Juſt taught to ſing as well as wield cold iron;
And whatſoever critics may ſuppoſe,
Our author holds, that what he ſpoke was proſe.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Lycomedes,	Mr. *Quin.*
Diphilus,	Mr. *Aſton.*
Achilles,	Mr. *Salway.*
Ulyſſes,	Mr. *Chapman.*
Diomedes,	Mr. *Laguerre.*
Ajax,	Mr. *Hall.*
Periphas,	Mr. *Walker.*
Agyrtes,	Mr. *Leveridge.*

WOMEN.

Thetis,	Mrs. *Buchanan.*
Theaſpe,	Mrs. *Cantrel.*
Deïdamia,	Miſs *Norſa.*
Leſbia,	Miſs *Binks.*
Philoe,	Miſs *Oates.*
Artemona,	Mrs. *Egleton.*

Courtiers, Guards, &c.

SCENE, *Scyros.*

ACHILLES:

ACHILLES:

AN

OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Thetis, Achilles.

THETIS.

BEFORE I leave you, child, I muſt inſiſt upon your promiſe, that you will never diſcover yourſelf without my leave. Don't look upon it as capricious fondneſs, nor think (becauſe 'tis a mother's advice) that, in duty to yourſelf, you are oblig'd not to follow it.

Ach. But my character! my honour!—Wou'd you have your ſon live with infamy?—On the firſt ſtep of a young fellow, depends his character for life.—I beg you, goddeſs, to diſpenſe with your commands.

Thet.

Thet. Have you then no regard to my preſentiment? I can't bear the thoughts of your going; for I know that odious ſiege of *Troy* wou'd be the death of thee.

Ach. Becauſe you have the natural fears of a mother, wou'd you have me inſenſible that I have the heart of a man? The world, madam, muſt look upon my abſconding in this manner, and at this particular juncture, as infamous cowardice.

AIR I. A clown in *Flanders* once there was.

What's life? No curſe is more ſevere,
Than bearing life with ſhame.
Is this your fondneſs; this your care?
O give me death with fame!

Thet. Keep your temper, *Achilles*:—'Tis both impious and undutiful to call my preſcience in queſtion.

Ach. Pardon me, goddeſs, for had you, like other mothers, been a mere woman only, I ſhou'd have taken the liberty of other ſons, and ſhou'd (as 'tis my duty) have heard your advice, and follow'd my own.

Thet. I poſitively ſhall not be eaſy, child, unleſs you give me your word and honour.—You know my commands.

Ach. My word, madam, I can give you; but my honour is already ſacrific'd to my duty. That I gave you, when I ſubmitted to put on this woman's habit.

Thet. Believe me, *Achilles*, I have a tender regard for your honour, as well as life.—By preventing your running head-long to your deſtiny, I preſerve you for future glory. Therefore, child, I once more inſiſt upon your ſolemn promiſe.

Ach. Was I a woman (as I appear to be) I cou'd, without difficulty, give you a promiſe, to have the pleaſure of breaking it; but when I promiſe, my life is pledg'd for the performance.—Your commands, madam, are ſacred.—Yet I intreat you, goddeſs, to conſider

conſider the ignominious part you make me act.—In obeying you, I prove myſelf unworthy of you.

Thet. My will, *Achilles*, is not to be controverted. Your life depends upon your duty; and poſitively, child, you ſhall not go to this ſiege.

AIR II. *Gudgeon's* ſong.

Why thus am I held at defiance?
A mother, a goddeſs obey!
Will men never practiſe compliance,
Till marriage hath taught 'em the way?

Ach. But why muſt I lead the life of a woman? why was I ſtolen away from my preceptor? Was I not as ſafe under the care of *Chiron?*—I know the love he had for me; I feel his concern; and I dare ſwear that good creature is now ſo diſtreſs'd for the loſs of me, that he will quite founder himſelf with galloping from place to place to look after me.

Thet. I'll hear no more. Obey, and ſeek to know no further.—Can you imagine that I wou'd have taken all this trouble to have lodg'd you under the protection of *Lycomedes*, if I had not ſeen the abſolute neceſſity of it?

Ach. Were I allow'd to follow my inclinations, what wou'd you have to fear?—I ſhou'd do my duty, and die with honour.—Was I to live an age, I cou'd do no more.

Thet. You are ſo very obſtinate, that really, child, there's is no enduring you.—Your impatience ſeems to forget that I am a goddeſs: Have I not degraded myſelf into the character of a diſtreſs'd *Grecian* princeſs? 'Tis owing to my artifice and inſinuation that we have the protection of the king of *Scyros*. Have I not won *Lycomedes*'s friendſhip and hoſpitality to that degree as to place you, without the leaſt ſuſpicion, among his daughters?—And for what, dear *Achilles?*—Your ſafety and future fame requir'd it.

Ach.

Ach. 'Tis impoſſible, madam, to bear it much longer.—My words, my actions, my aukward behaviour, muſt one day inevitably diſcover me.—I had been ſafer under the tuition of *Chiron*.

Thet. Hath not the prophet *Calchas* perſuaded the confederates, that the ſucceſs of their expedition againſt *Troy* depends upon your being among 'em? Have they not emiſſaries and ſpies almoſt every where in ſearch of you? 'Tis here only, and in this diſguiſe, that I can believe you out of the reach of ſuſpicion.—You have ſo much youth, and ſuch a bloom, that there is no man alive but muſt take you for a woman. What I am moſt afraid of is, that when you are among the ladies you ſhou'd be ſo little maſter of your paſſions as to find yourſelf a man.

AIR III. Did you ever hear of a gallant ſailor.

Ach. *The woman always in temptation,*
Muſt do what nature bids her do;
Our hearts feel equal palpitation,
For we've unguarded minutes too.
By nature greedy,
When lank and needy,
Within your fold the wolf confine;
Then bid the glutton
Not think of mutton;
Can you perſuade him not to dine?

Thet. Now, dear child, let me beg you to be diſcreet.—I have ſome ſea-affairs that require my attendance, which (much againſt my will) oblige me, for a time, to leave you to your own conduct.

Enter Artemona.

Art. The princeſſes, lady *Pyrrha*, have been fitting at their embroidery above a quarter of an hour, and are perfectly miſerable for want of you.

Thet.

Thet. Pyrrha is ſo very unhandy, and ſo monſtrouſly ankward at her needle, that I know ſhe muſt be diverting. Her paſſion for romances (as you muſt have obſerv'd in other girls) took her off from every part of uſeful education.

Ach. For the many obligations I have to the princeſſes, I ſhould (no doubt) upon all occaſions ſhew myſelf ready to be the butt of their ridicule.—'Tis a duty that all great people expect from (what they call) their dependants.

Art. How can you, lady *Pyrrha*, miſinterpret a civility? I know they have a friendſhip, an eſteem for you; and have a pleaſure in inſtructing you.

Thet. For heaven's ſake, *Pyrrha*, let not your captious temper run away with your good-manners. You cannot but be ſenſible of the king's and their civilities, both to you and me.—How can you be ſo horridly out of humour.

Ach. All I mean, madam, is; that when people are ſenſible of their own defects, they are not the proper objects of ridicule.

Thet. You are ſo very touchy, *Pyrrha*, that there is no enduring you.—How can you be ſo unſociable a creature as to deny a friend the liberty of laughing at your little follies and indiſcretions? For what do you think women keep company with one another?

Ach. Becauſe they hate one another, deſpiſe one another, and ſeek to have the pleaſure of ſeeing and expoſing one another's faults and follies.

Thet. Now, dear *Pyrrha*, tell me, is work a thing you pique yourſelf upon? Suppoſe too they ſhou'd ſmile at an abſurdity in your dreſs, it could not be ſuch a mortification as if (like moſt women) you had made it the chief buſineſs of your life?

Art. Don't they treat one another with equal familiarity?

Ach. But a reply from me (whatever was the provocation) might be look'd upon as impertinent. I hate

hate to be under the reſtraint of civility when I am ill-us'd.

Art. Will you allow me, madam, to make your excuſes to the princeſſes?—The occaſion of your highneſs's leaving her, I ſee, troubles her.—Perhaps I may interrupt converſation.

Thet. 'Tis aſtoniſhing, child, how you can have ſo little complaiſance. This ſullen behaviour of your's muſt be diſagreeable. I hope, madam, ſhe is not always in this way?

Art. Never was any creature more entertaining! Such ſpirits, and ſo much vivacity! The princeſſes are really fond of her to diſtraction.—The moſt chearful tempers are liable to the ſpleen, and 'tis an indulgence that one woman owes to another.

Ach. The ſpleen, madam, is a female frailty that I have no pretenſions to, nor any of its affections.

AIR IV. Si vous vous moquez de nous.

When a woman ſullen ſits,
And wants breath to conquer reaſon,
Always theſe affected fits
Are in ſeaſon:
Since 'tis in her diſpoſition,
Make her be her own phyſician.

Nay, dear madam, you ſhall not go without me.—— Though I have my particular reaſons to be out of humour, I cannot be deficient in good-manners.

Art. I know they would take it mortally ill if they thought your complaiſance had put yourſelf under the leaſt reſtraint.

Ach. I can't forgive myſelf for my behaviour.—— You muſt excuſe me, madam; for abſence in converſation is an incivility that I am but too liable to.

Art. You know we all rally you upon your being in love, as that is one of its moſt infallible ſymptoms.

Thet.

Thet. I charge you, upon my bleſſing;—as you expect fame, glory, immortality, obey me. [*To* Achilles.

[Thetis *kiſſes him. Exeunt* Achilles *and* Artemona. As for his face, his air, his figure, I am not under the leaſt apprehenſion; all my concern is from the impetuoſity of his temper.—Yet, after all, why *ſhou'd* I fear a diſcovery? for women have the ſame paſſions, though they employ 'em upon different objects.

AIR V. A-minuet.

Man's ſo touchy, a word that's injurious
Wakes his honour; he's ſudden as fire.
Woman kindles, and is no leſs furious
For her trifles, or any deſire.
Man is teſty,
Or ſour, or reſty,
If balk'd of honours, or pow'r, or pelf:
Woman's paſſions can no leſs moleſt ye,
And all for reaſons ſhe keeps to herſelf.

He is ſudden, he is impatient. What then? Are women leſs ſo? Aſk almoſt all ſervants what they know of their miſtreſſes.—He is wilful, teſty, and untractable. Can't thouſands of huſbands ſay as much of their wives? Then as for his obſtinacy—that can never ſhew him leſs a woman. But he hath not that command of his tongue I cou'd wiſh him: He is too vehement, too ſevere in his expreſſions. In this particular, indeed, few women take equal liberties to one another's faces, but they make ample amends for it behind each other's backs; ſo that, with all theſe infirmities of man, he may with the leaſt conduct very well paſs for a fine ſpirited woman.—This reflexion hath cur'd my anxiety, and will make me believe him ſecure.

Enter Lycomedes.

Thet. 'Tis with the utmoſt gratitude that I return your majeſty thanks for the honours and hoſpitable favours ſhewn to me and my daughter.

Lycom.

Lycom. You wou'd oblige me more, madam, if your affairs wou'd allow you to accept 'em longer.

Thet. I have preſum'd, ſir, to treſpaſs further on your generoſity, in leaving my daughter under your protection.—I hope *Pyrrha*'s behaviour will deſerve it.

AIR VI. To you, my dear, and to no other.

Muſt then, alas, the fondeſt mother
Deſert her child?
Lycom. - - - - - - - *Ah, why this tear?*
She'll in Theaſpe *find another*;
In me, paternal love and care.

Had you taken her with you, my daughters wou'd have been miſerable beyond expreſſion. Theirs and her education ſhall be the ſame.

Thet. I beg you, ſir, not to regard my gratitude like the common obligations of princes; for neither time nor intereſt can ever cancel it.

Lycom. Affairs of conſequence may require your preſence. Importunity upon theſe occaſions is troubleſome and unhoſpitable.—I aſk no queſtions, madam, becauſe I chuſe not to pry into ſecrets.

Thet. I can only thank, and rely upon your majeſty's goodneſs.—My duty to the queen, ſir, calls me hence, to own my obligations, and receive her commands.

[*Exit.*

Enter Diphilus.

Lycom. The princeſs *Caliſta* hath taken her leave; ſhe is but juſt gone out of the room.

Diph. That *Pyrrha*, ſir, was a moſt delicious piece.

Lycom. With all her little vixen humours, to my taſte ſhe is infinitely agreeable.

Diph. Your parting with her, ſir, in this eaſy manner, is aſtoniſhing. One too ſo exceſſively fond of you!

Lycom. Parting with her, *Diphilus!*

Diph. But no prince alive hath ſo great a command of his paſſions.

Lycom.

Lycom. Dear *Diphilus*, let me underſtand you.

Diph. To my knowlege you might have had her.

Lycom. Can I believe thee?

Diph. I really thought the queen began to be a little uneaſy; and, for the quiet of the family (ſince ſhe is gone) I muſt own I am heartily glad of it.

AIR VII. *John* went ſuiting unto *Joan.*

How your patience had been try'd,
Had this haughty dame comply'd!
What's a miſtreſs and a wife?
Joy for moments, plague for life.

Lycom. I am not ſo unhappy, *Diphilus.*—Her mother hath left her to my care.

Diph. Juſt as I wiſh'd.

Lycom. Wou'd ſhe had taken her with her!

Diph. It might have been better. For beyond diſpute, ſir, both you aud the queen wou'd have been eaſier.

Lycom. Why did ſhe truſt her to me?

Diph. There cou'd be but one reaſon.

Lycom. I cannot anſwer for myſelf.

Diph. 'Twas upon that very preſumption you was truſted.

Lycom. Wou'd I could believe thee!

Diph. 'Tis an apparent manifeſt ſcheme, ſir; and you wou'd diſappoint both mother and daughter if your majeſty did not betray your truſt.—You love her, ſir, you ſay.

Lycom. To diſtraction, *Diphilus.*

Diph. And was the betraying a truſt ever as yet an obſtacle to that paſſion? What wou'd you have a mother do more upon ſuch an occaſion? Ladies of her rank cannot tranſact an affair of this kind, but with ſome *decorum.*

Lycom. But you can never ſuppoſe *Pyrrha* knows any thing of the matter.

Diph.

Diph. Why not, ſir?

Lycom. From me ſhe cannot; for I have never as yet made any downright profeſſions.

Diph. There lies the true cauſe of her thoughtfulneſs; 'tis nothing but anxiety, for fear her ſcheme ſhould not take place; for, no doubt, her mother hath inſtructed her not to be too forward, to make you more ſo.—Believe me, ſir, you will have no difficulties in this affair, but thoſe little ones that every woman knows how to practiſe to quicken a lover.

Lycom. Be it as it will, *Diphilus*, I muſt have her.

Diph. Had I been acquainted with your pleaſure ſooner, your majeſty by this time had been tir'd of her—How happy ſhall I make her, if I may have the honour of your majeſty's commands to hint your paſſion to her!

Lycom. Never did eyes receive a paſſion with ſuch coldneſs, ſuch indifference!

AIR VIII. Groom's complaint.

Whene'er my looks have ſpoke deſire,
I ſigh'd, I gaz'd in vain;
No glance confeſs'd her ſecret fire;
And eyes the heart explain.

Diph. Though 'tis what ſhe wiſhes, what ſhe longs for, what ſhe ſighs for, reſpect and awe are a reſtraint upon her eyes as well as tongue. I have often told you, ſir, ſhe dares not underſtand you; ſhe dares not believe herſelf ſo happy.

Lycom. This ring, *Diphilus*—I muſt leave the reſt to your diſcretion.

Diph. There may be a manner in giving it her, a little hint or ſo—but the preſent will ſpeak for itſelf; 'tis the moſt ſucceſsful advocate of love, and never wants an interpreter.

Lycom. Say every thing for me, *Dephilus*; for I feel I cannot ſpeak for myſelf.

Diph.

Diph. Cou'd I be a ſucceſsful in all my other negotiations! Yet there may be difficulties, for, if I miſtake not, the lady hath ſomething of the coquette about her; and what ſelf-denial will not thoſe creatures ſuffer to give a lover anxiety!

AIR IX. O'er Bogie.

Obſerve the wantons kitten's play,
Whene'er a mouſe appears;
You there the true coquette ſurvey
In all her flirting airs:
Now pawing,
Now clawing,
Now in fond embrace
Till 'midſt her freaks,
He from her breaks.
Steals off, and bilks the chaſe.

Lycom. Dear *Diphilus*, what do you mean? I never ſaw a woman ſo little of that character.

Diph. Pardon me, ſir; your ſituation is ſuch, that you can never ſee what mankind really are. In your preſence every one is acting a part; no one is himſelf, and was is not for the eyes and tongues of your faithful ſervants, how little wou'd your ſubjects be known to you! Though ſhe is ſo prim and reſerv'd before you, ſhe is never at a loſs for airs to draw all the young flirting lords of the court about her.

Lycom. Beauty muſt always have its followers.

Diph. If I miſtake not, general *Ajax* too (who is ſent to ſolicit your quota for the *Trojan* war) hath another ſolicitation more at heart.——But ſuppoſe ſhe had ten thouſand lovers; a woman's prevalent paſſion is ambition, which muſt anſwer your ends.——The queen is coming this way, and her commands may detain me.—I go, ſir, to make *Pyrrha* the happieſt creature upon earth. [*Exit.*

Enter Theaſpe.

Theaſpe. I think the princeſs *Caliſta* might as well have taken her daughter with her.—That girl is ſo intolerably forward, that I cannot imagine ſuch converſation can poſſibly be of any great advantage to your daughter's education.

Lycom. You ſeem of late to have taken an averſion to the girl. She hath ſpirit and vivacity, but not more than is becoming the ſex; and I never ſaw any thing in her behaviour but what was extremely modeſt.

Theaſpe. For heaven's ſake, ſir, allow me to believe my own eyes. Her forwardneſs muſt give the fellows ſome encouragement, or there wou'd not be that intolerable flutter about her. – But perhaps ſhe hath ſome reaſons to be more upon her guard before you.

Lycom. How can you be ſo unreaſonably cenſorious?

Theaſpe. I can ſee her faults, ſir. I ſee her as a a woman ſees a woman. The men, it ſeems, think the awkward creature handſome.

AIR X. *Dutch* ſkipper. Firſt part.

Lycom. *When woman's cenſorious,*
And attacks the meritorious;
In the ſcandal ſhe ſhews her own malicious thought.
If real guilt ſhe blames,
Then pride her heart inflames;
And ſhe fanſies ſhe's better for another's fault.
Thus ſeeking to diſcloſe
The ſlips of friends and foes,
By her envy ſhe does herſelf alone expoſe.

Nay, dear child, your attacking her in this peeviſh way can be nothing but downright antipathy.

Theaſpe. Nay, dear ſir, your defending her in this feeling manner can be nothing but downright partiality.

Lycom. I own myſelf partial to diſtreſs, and I ſee her in that circumſtance.

Theaſpe.

Theaſpe. But there are other reaſons that may make a man partial.

AIR XI. *Dutch* ſkipper. Second part.

As you, ſir, are my huſband, no doubt you're prone
To turn each new face
To a wife's diſgrace;
And for no other cauſe, but that ſhe's your own;
Nay, ſir, 'tis an evident caſe.
'Tis ſtrange that all huſbands ſhould prove ſo blind,
That a wife's real merits they ne'er can find,
Tho' they ſtrike all the reſt of mankind.

Lycom. How can you be ſo ridiculous? By theſe airs, madam, you would have me believe you are jealous.

Theaſpe. Whence had you this contemptible opinion of me? Jealous! If I was ſo, I have a ſpirit above owing it. I wou'd never heighten your pleaſure by letting you have the ſatisfaction of knowing I was uneaſy.

Lycom. Let me beg you, my dear, to keep your temper.

Theaſpe. Since I have been ſo unguarded as to own it; give me leave to tell you, ſir, that was I of a lower rank it wou'd keep you in ſome awe, becauſe you wou'd then know I cou'd take my revenge.

Lycom. You forget your duty, child.

Theaſpe. There is a duty too due from a huſband.

Lycom. How can you give way to theſe paſſions?

Theaſpe. Becauſe you give way to your's.

Lycom. But to be ſo unreaſonably jealous!

Theaſpe. Unreaſonably! Wou'd it were ſo!

AIR XII. Black joke.

Lycom. *Then muſt I bear eternal ſtrife,*
Both night and day put in mind of a wife,
By her pouts, ſpleen, and paſſionate airs!
Theaſpe. *D'ye think I'll bear eternal ſlight,*
And not complain when I'm robb'd of my right!
Call you this, ſir, but whimſical fears?

Lycom. *Can nought then ſtill this raging ſtorm?*
Theaſpe. *Yes. What you promis'd, if you wou'd perform.*
Lycom. *Pr'ythee teaze me no more.*
Theaſpe. *I can never give o'er,*
Till I find you as fond and as kind as before.
Lycom. *Will you ne'er aſk*
A poſſible taſk?

Wou'd you have me ſo unhoſpitable as to deny her my protection?

Theaſpe. 'Tis not, ſir, that I preſume to control you in your pleaſures.——Yet you might, methinks, have ſhew'd that tenderneſs for me, to have acted with a little more reſerve. Women are not ſo blind as huſbands imagine.—Were there no other circumſtances,—your coolneſs to me, your indifference.—How I deſpiſe myſelf for this confeſſion!—Pardon me, ſir, love made me thus indiſcreet.

AIR XIII. Ye ſhepherds and nymphs.

Theaſpe, *weeping.*

O love, *plead my pardon, nor plead it in vain;*
'Twas you that was jealous, 'twas you was in pain;
Yet why ſhould you ſpeak? To what purpoſe or end?
I muſt be unhappy if love can offend.

Yet was ever a deſign of this kind ſo manifeſt, ſo bare-fac'd!

AIR XIV. The goddeſſes.

Theaſpe, *angry.*

To what a pitch is man profuſe,
And all for oſtentatious pride!
Ev'n miſſes are not kept for uſe,
But for mere ſhow, and nought beſide.
For might a wife ſpeak out,
She cou'd prove beyond all doubt,
With more than enough he was ſupply'd.

The

The princeſs *Caliſta* hath ſhewn an uncommon confidence in your majeſty. The woman no doubt depends upon it, that her daughter's charms are not to be reſiſted.

Lycom. Nay, dear child, don't be ſcandalous.

AIR XV. *Joan*'s placket.

Reputations hack'd and hew'd,
Can never be mended again;
Yet nothing ſtints the tattling prude,
Who joys in another's pain.
Thus while ſhe rends
Both foes and friends,
By both ſhe's torn in twain.
Reputations hack'd and hew'd,
Can never be mended again.

Theaſpe. You are in ſo particular a manner oblig'd to her, that I am not ſurpris'd at your taking her part.

Lycom. But, dear madam, why at preſent is all this violent fluſter?

Theaſpe. Aſk your own heart, aſk your own conduct. Thoſe can beſt inform yeu.—'Twou'd have been more obliging if *Pyrrha* and you had kept me out of this impudent ſecret.—You know, ſir, I have reaſon.

Lycom. If one woman's virtue depended upon another's ſuſpicions, where ſhou'd we find a woman of common modeſty! Indeed, I think you injure her: I believe her virtuous.

Theaſpe. When a man hath ruin'd a woman, he thinks himſelf oblig'd in honour to ſtand up for her reputation.

Lycom. If you will believe only your own unaccountable ſuſpicions, and are determin'd not to hear reaſon, I muſt leave you to your perverſe humours.—What wou'd you have me ſay? What wou'd you have me do?

Theaſpe. Shew your hoſpitality (as you call it) to me, and put that creature out of the palace.

Lycom. I have a greater regard to your's and my own quiet, than ever to comply with the extravagant paſſions of a jealous woman.

Theaſpe. You have taken then your reſolutions, I find; and I am ſentenc'd to neglect——Did ever a woman marry but with the probability of having at leaſt one man in her power?—What a wretched wife am I! [*Weeps.*

Lycom. Jealouſy from a wife, even to a man of quality, is now look'd upon as ill-manners, though the affair be never ſo public.—But without a cauſe!—I beg you, madam, to ſay no more upon this ſubject.

Theaſpe. Though you, ſir, may think her fit company for you; methinks the very ſame reaſons might tell you that ſhe is not ſo very reputable a companion for your daughters.

Lycom. Since a paſſionate woman will only believe herſelf, I muſt leave you, madam, to enjoy your obſtinacy. I know but that way of putting an end to the diſpute.

AIR XVI. We've cheated the parſon, *&c.*

Though woman's glib tongue, when her paſſions are fir'd,
Eternally go, a man's ear can be tir'd.
Since woman will have both her word and her way,
I yield to your tongue; but my reaſon obey.
I obey,
Nothing ſay,
Since woman will have both her word and her way. [*Exit.*

Theaſpe. Wou'd I had been more upon the reſerve! But huſbands are horridly provoking; they know the frailty of the ſex, and never fail to take the advantage of our paſſions to make us expoſe ourſelves by contradiction.—*Artemona.*

Enter Artemona.

Art. Madam.

Theaſpe. Is that creature, that (what do you call her) that princeſs gone? *Art.*

Art. Yes, madam.

Theaſpe. Why did not ſhe take that awkward thing, her daughter, with her?

Art. The advantages ſhe might receive in her education, might be an inducement to leave her.

Theaſpe Might *that* be an inducement?

Art. Beſides, in her preſent circumſtance, it might be inconvenient to take her daughter with her?

Theaſpe. Can't you find out any other reaſon for leaving her?

Art. Your courteſy, madam; your hoſpitality.

Theaſpe. No *other* reaſon!

Art. No other reaſon?

Theaſpe. Wou'd I cou'd believe there was no other!

Art. 'Tis not for me to pry into your majeſty's ſecrets.

Theaſpe. I hate a girl that is ſo intolerably forward.

Art. I never obſerv'd any thing but thoſe little liberties that girls of her age will take, when they are among themſelves.—Perhaps thoſe particular diſtinctions the princeſſes ſhew her, may have made her too familiar.—I am not, madam, an advocate for her behaviour.

Theaſpe. A look ſo very audacious! Now the filthy men, who love every thing that is impudent, call that ſpirit.—But there are, *Artemona*, ſome particular diſtinctions from a certain perſon, who of late hath been very particular to me, that might *indeed* make her too familiar.

Art. Heaven forbid!

Theaſpe. How precarious is the happineſs of a wife, when it is in the power of every new face to deſtroy it!—Now, dear *Artemona*, tell me ſincerely, don't you, from what you yourſelf have obſerved, think I have reaſon to be uneaſy?

Art. That I have obſerv'd!

Theaſpe. Dear *Artemona*, don't frighten thyſelf.—I am not accuſing, but talking to you as a friend.

AIR XVII. Fairy elves.

Art. *O guard your hours from care,*
Of jealouſy beware;
For ſhe with fancy'd ſprites,
Herſelf torments and frights.
Thus ſhe frets, and pines, and grieves,
Raiſing fears that ſhe believes.

Theaſpe. I hate myſelf too for having ſo much condeſcenſion and humility as to be jealous. 'Tis flattering the man that uſes one ill; and 'tis wanting the natural pride that belongs to the ſex. What a wretched, mean, contemptible figure is a jealous woman! How have I expos'd myſelf!

Art. Your majeſty is ſafe in the confidence repos'd in me.

Theaſpe. That is not the caſe, *Artemona*. *Lycomedes* knows I am unhappy. I have own'd it, and was ſo unguarded as to accuſe him.

Art. Upon mere ſuſpicion only?

Theaſpe. Beyond diſpute he loves her. I know it, *Artemona*; and can one imagine that girl hath virtue enough to withſtand ſuch a propoſal?

AIR XVIII. *Moll Peatly.*

All hearts are a little frail
When temptation is rightly apply'd.
What can ſhame or fear avail
When we ſooth both ambition and pride?
All woman have power in view;
Then there's pleaſure to tempt her too.
Such a ſure attack there's no defying,
No denying;
Since complying
Gives her another's due.

——I can't indeed (if you mean that) poſitively affirm that he hath yet had her.

Art.

Art. Then it may be ſtill only ſuſpicion.

Theaſpe. I have truſted too my daughter *Deidamia* with my weakneſs; that ſhe, by her intimacies and friendſhip with *Pyrrha*, may get into her ſecrets. In ſhort, I have plac'd her as my ſpy about her.—That girl (out of good-nature, and to prevent family-diſputes) may deceive me. She inſiſts upon it, that I have nothing to fear from *Pyrrha*; and is ſo poſitive in this opinion, that ſhe offers to be anſwerable for her conduct.

Art. Why then, madam, will you ſtill believe your own jealouſies?

Theaſpe. All I ſay is, that *Deidamia* may deceive me; for whatever is in the affair, 'tis impoſſible but ſhe muſt know it; I have order'd it ſo that ſhe is ſcarce ever from her; they have one and the ſame bed-chamber; yet ſuch is my diſtemper, that I ſuſpect every body, and can only believe my own imaginations.—There muſt be ſome reaſon that *Deidamia* hath not been with me this morning.——I am impatient to ſee her.

AIR XIX. *John Anderſon* my *Jo.*

Art. *Let jealouſy no longer*
A fruitleſs ſearch purſue;
You make his flame the ſtronger,
And wake reſentment too.
This ſelf-tormenting care give o'er;
For all you can obtain
Is, what was only doubt before,
To change for real pain.

ACT II.

Diphilus, Achilles.

ACHILLES.

I Am very ſenſible, my lord, of the particular honours that are ſhewn me.

Diph. Honours, madam! *Lycomedes* is ſtill more particular. How happy muſt that woman be, whom he reſpects!

Ach. What do you mean, my lord?

Diph. Let this ſpeak both for him and me: the preſent is worthy him to give, and you to receive.

Ach. I have too many obligations already.

Diph. 'Tis in your power, madam, to return 'em all.

Ach. Thus I return 'em. And, if you dare be honeſt, tell him this ring had been a more *honourable* preſent to *Theaſpe*.

AIR XX. Abroad as I was walking.

Diph. [Offering the ring a ſecond time.]

Such homage to her beauty,
What coyneſs can reject?
Accept, as 'tis your duty,
The tribute with reſpect.
With love I offer power;
What ſhame can ever ſtain thee,
Reſtrain thee,
Or pain thee,
When bleſt with ſuch a dower?

'Tis but an earneſt, madam, of future favours.—When *Lycomedes*'s power is your's, I intreat your highneſs not to forgot your ſervant.

Ach. I ſhall remember thee with contempt and abhorrence.

Diph.

Diph. I beg you, madam, to conſider your preſent ſituation.——This uncommon diſtinction requires a ſofter anſwer.

Ach. I ſhall give no other, my lord.—I dare ſay, *Diphilus*, you think yourſelf highly honour'd by your preſent negotiation.—Is there no office too mean for ambition?—Was you not a man of quality, was you not a favourite, the world, my lord, wou'd call you a pimp, a pander, a bawd, for this very honourable propoſal of your's.

Diph. What an numerciful weapon is a woman's tongue!—I beg your highneſs to confine yourſelf within the bounds of common civility, and to conſider who I am.

Ach. I do conſider it, *Diphilus*, and that makes thee a thouſand times the more contemptible.

AIR XXI. Butter'd peaſe.

Shou'd the beaſt of the nobleſt race
Act the brute of the loweſt claſs;
Tell me, which do you think more baſe,
Or the lion or the aſs?
Boaſt not then of thy rank or ſtate;
That but ſhews thee the meaner ſlave.
Take thy due then of ſcorn and hate.
As thou'rt but the greater knave.

Diph. Though the ſex have the privilege of unlimited expreſſion, and that a woman's words are not to be reſented; yet a lady, madam, may be ill-bred. Ladies too are generally paſſionate enough without a provocation, ſo that a reply at preſent would be unneceſſary.

Ach. Are ſuch the friends of power?—How unhappy are princes to have their paſſions ſo very readily put in execution, that they ſeldom know the benefit of reflexion! Go, and for once make your report faithfully and without flattery. [*Exit.*

Diph. This girl is ſo exceſſively ill-bred, and ſuch an arrant termagant, that I cou'd as ſoon fall in love with a tygreſs. She hath a handſome face, 'tis true, but in her temper ſhe is a very fury.—But *Lycomedes* likes her; and 'tis not for me to diſpute either his taſte or pleaſure.—Notwithſtanding ſhe is ſuch a ſpit-fire, 'tis my opinion the thing may ſtill do! Things of his nature ſhou'd be always tranſacted in perſon, for there are women ſo ridiculouſly half-modeſt, that they are aſham'd in words to conſent to what (when a man comes to the point) they will make no difficulties to comply with.

Enter Lycomedes.

Lycom. Well, *Diphilus*, in what manner did ſhe receive my preſent?

Diph. 'Tis my opinion, ſir, that ſhe will accept it only from your hands. From me ſhe abſolutely refuſes it.

AIR XXII. Come open the door ſweet *Betty*.

Lycom. *What, muſt I remain in anguiſh?*
And did not her eyes conſent?
No ſigh, not a bluſh, nor languiſh
That promis'd a kind event!
It muſt be all affectation,
The tongue hath her heart bely'd;
That oft hath withſtood temptation,
When ev'ry thing elſe comply'd.

How did ſhe receive you? Did you watch her eyes? What was her behaviour when you firſt told her I lov'd her?

Diph. She ſeem'd to be deſperately diſappointed, that you had not told her ſo yourſelf.

Lycom. But when you preſs'd it to her—

Diph. She had all the reſentment and fury of the moſt complying prude.

Lycom.

Lycom. But did not ſhe ſoften upon conſideration?

Diph. She ſeem'd to take it mortally ill of me, that my meddling in the affair had delay'd your majeſty's application.

Lycom. What, no favourable circumſtance!

Diph. Nay, I was not in the leaſt ſurpris'd at her behaviour. Love at ſecond-hand to a lady of her warm conſtitution! It was a diſappointment, ſir; and ſhe cou'd not but treat it accordingly.—Whatever was my opinion, 'twas my duty, ſir, to obey you; but I found juſt the reception I expected. Apply to her yourſelf, ſir; anſwer her wiſhes, and (if I know any thing of woman) ſhe will then anſwer your's, and behave herſelf as ſhe ought.

Lycom. But, dear *Diphilus*, I grow more and more impatient.

Diph. That too by this time is her caſe—To ſave the appearances of virtue, the moſt eaſy woman expects a little gentle compulſion, and to be allow'd the decency of a little feeble reſiſtance. For the quiet of her own conſcience, a woman may inſiſt upon acting the part of modeſty, and you muſt comply with her ſcruples.—You will have no more trouble but what will heighten the pleaſure.

Lycom. Pyrrha!—This is beyond my hopes.—*Diphilus*, lay your hand upon my breaſt. Feel how my heart flutters.

Diph. Did *Pyrrha* feel theſe aſſurances of love ſhe wou'd not appear ſo thoughtful.

Lycom. Deidamia too not with her!

Diph. She is with the queen, ſir.

Lycom. My other daughters, who ſeem leſs fond of her, are in the garden; ſo all's ſafe.—Leave me, *Diphilus*, and let none, upon pain of my diſpleaſure, preſume to intrude. [*Exit.* Diph.

Enter Achilles.

Lycom. Lady *Pyrrha*, my dear child, why ſo thoughtful?

Ach.

Ach. Thoughts may not be ſo reſpectful; they may be too familiar, too friendly, too true: And who about you preſumes to communicate 'em? Words and forms only are for your ear, ſir.

Lycom. You know, *Pyrrha*, you was never receiv'd upon the foot of ceremony, but friendſhip; ſo that it wou'd be more reſpectful, if you was leſs ſhy and leſs reſerv'd.—'Tis your behaviour, *Pyrrha*, that keeps me at a diſtance.

Ach. If I was wanting, ſir, either in duty to you or myſelf, my own heart wou'd be the firſt to reproach me.—Your majeſty's generoſity is too ſolicitious upon my account; and your courteſy and affability may even now detain you from affairs of importance.—If you have no commands, ſir, the princeſſes expect me in the garden.

Lycom. Nay, poſitively, my dear *Pyrrha*, you ſhall not go.

Ach. But why, ſir?—For heaven's ſake, what hath ſet you a trembling?——I fear, ſir, you are out of order.——Who waits there?

Lycom. I did not call, *Pyrrha*.

Ach. Let me then, ſir, know your commands.—

AIR XXIII. Altro giorno in compagnia.

Lycom. *If my paſſion want explaining,*
This way turn and read my eyes;
Theſe will tell thee, without feigning,
What in words I muſt diſguiſe.

Ach. Why do you fix your eyes ſo intenſely upon me?—Speak your pleaſure, ſpeak to me then.—Why am I ſeiz'd?—Spare me, ſir, for I have a temper that can't bear provocation.

Lycom. I know there are a thouſand neceſſary affectations of modeſty, which women, in decency to themſelves, practiſe with common lovers before compliance.—But my paſſion, *Pyrrha*, deſerves ſome diſtinction.

Ach.

Ach. I beg you then, ſir, don't lay violent hands upon me.

Lycom. The preſent you refus'd from *Diphilus*, accept from me.

Ach. Why will you perſiſt?—Nay, dear ſir, I can't anſwer for my paſſions.

Lycom. 'Tis not *Diphilus*, but I give it you.

Ach. That *Diphilus*, ſir, is your enemy.

Lycom. 'Tis I that offer it.

Ach. Your very worſt enemy, your flatterer.

Lycom. You ſhou'd ſtrive, child, to conquer theſe extravagant paſſions.

Ach. How I deſpiſe that fellow! that pimp, that pander!

AIR XXIV. Trip to the landry.

How unhappy are the great,
Thus begirt with ſervile ſlaves!
Such with praiſe your reaſon cheat.
Flatt'rers are the meaneſt knaves.
They in friendſhip's guiſe accoſt you;
Falſe in all they ſay or do.
When theſe wretches have ingroſs'd you,
Who's the ſlave, ſir, they or you?

Lycom. Is this reproachful language, *Pyrrha*, befitting my preſence?

Ach. Nay, dear ſir, don't worry me. By *Jove*, you'll provoke me.

Lycom. Your affectation, *Pyrrha*, is intolerable. There's enough of it.—Thoſe looks of averſion are inſupportable.—I will have no ſtruggling.

Ach. Then, ſir, I muſt have no violence.

AIR XXV. As I walk'd along *Fleetſtreet*.

Lycom. *When the fort on no condition*
Will admit the gen'rous foe,
Parley but delays ſubmiſſion;
We by ſtorm ſhou'd lay it low.

I am

I am in earneſt, lady.—I will have no trifling, no coquetting; you may ſpare thoſe little arts of women, for my paſſion is warm and vehement enough without 'em.—Do you know, *Pyrrha*, that obedience is your duty?

Ach. I know my duty, ſir; and, had it not been for that ſycophant *Diphilus*, perhaps you had known your's.

Lycom. I am not, lady, to be aw'd and frighten'd by ſtern looks and frowns.—Since your obſtinate behaviour then makes violence neceſſary——

Ach. You make ſelf-preſervation, ſir, as neceſſary.

Lycom. I won't be refus'd

AIR XXVI. The lady's New-year's gift.

Why ſuch affectation?
Ach. *Why this provocation?*
Lycom. *Muſt I bear reſiſtance ſtill!*
Ach. *Check your inclination.*
Lycom. *Dare you then deny me?*
Ach. *You too far may try me.*
Lycom. *Muſt I then againſt your will!*
Ach. *Force ſhall never ply me.*

Lycom. Never was ſuch a termagant!

Ach. By *Jove*, never was ſuch an inſult!

Lycom. Will you?—Dare you?—Never was ſuch ſtrength!— . [Achilles *puſhes him from him with great violence, and throws him down.*

Ach. Deſiſt then.

Lycom. Audacious fury, know you what you have done?

AIR XXVII. Puppet-ſhow trumpet tune.

[*Achilles* holding *Lycomedes* down.]

Ach. *What heart hath not courage, by force aſſail'd,*
To brave the moſt deſperate fight?
'Tis juſtice and virtue that hath prevail'd;
Power muſt yield to right.

Lycom.

Lycom. Am I ſo ignominiouſly to be got the better of!

Ach. You are.

Lycom. By a woman!

Ach. You now, ſir, find you had acted a greater part, if (in ſpite of your flatterers) you had got the better of your own paſſions.

Enter Diphilus *and* Courtiers.

1 *Court.* An attempt upon the king's life!—The guards! where are the guards?

2 *Court.* Such an open, bare-fac'd aſſaſſination!

[*They ſeize* Achilles, *and raiſe* Lycomedes.

3 *Court.* And by a woman too!

1 *Court.* Where are your wounds, ſir.

2 *Court.* Take the dagger from her, that ſhe do no farther miſchief.

3 *Court.* The dagger! Where? What dagger?

1 *Court.* You will find it ſome where or other concealed; examine her, ſearch her.

Ach. Save your zeal, ſirs, for times of real danger. Let *Lycomedes* accuſe me.—He knows my offence.

Lycom. How have I expos'd myſelf!——*Diphilus*, bid theſe over-officious friends leave me, and, as they value my favour, that they ſay nothing of what they have ſeen.—[Diphilus *talks apart with the* Courtiers, *who go out.*] Though the inſult from any other perſon had been unpardonable, there are ways that you, madam, might ſtill take to reconcile me.

Ach. Self-defence, ſir, is the privilege of mankind. I know your power, but, as I have offended no law, I rely upon your juſtice.

Lycom. 'Twou'd be ſafer, madam, to rely on your own future behaviour.

Ach. Who was the aggreſſor, ſir?

Lycom. Beauty, inclination, love. If you will merit favour you know the conditions.

AIR

AIR XXVIII. Old king *Cole.*

No more be coy;
Give a looſe to joy,
And let love for thy pardon ſue.
A glance cou'd all my rage deſtroy,
And light up my flame anew.
For though a man can ſtand at bay
Againſt a woman's will;
And keep, amid the loudeſt fray,
His reſolution ſtill:
Yet when conſenting ſmiles accoſt,
The man in her arms is loſt.

Ach. If your reſentment wants only the ſhow of juſtice, let this *honourable* man here be my accuſer; it may be neceſſary for him to trump up a horrid conſpiracy to ſkreen his own infamous practices.

Diph. Your majeſty hath had too much confidence in this woman. The lives of kings are ſacred, and the matter (trivial as it ſeems) deſerves further inquiry.—There muſt be ſome ſecret villainous deſign in this affair.

Ach. And are not you, *Diphilus*, conſcious of that ſecret villainous deſign?

Diph. 'Tis an offence, ſir, that is not to be pardon'd. Your dignity, ſir, calls upon you (notwithſtanding your partiality to her) to make her an example. There muſt be things of conſequence that we are ſtill ignorant of; and ſhe ought to undergo the ſevereſt examination.—My zeal for your ſervice, ſir, was never as yet at a loſs for witneſſes upon theſe occaſions. [*To* Lycom.

Lycom. Don't you ſee the queen coming this way? Have done with this diſcourſe, dear *Diphilus*, and leave me.—Wou'd I cou'd forget this ridiculous affair! For the preſent, *Pyrrha*, I truſt you to return to the ladies; though (conſidering your paſſionate temper) I have little reaſon to rely on your diſcretion.

[*Exeunt* Achilles *and* Diphilus.

Enter

Enter Theaſpe *and* Deidamia.

Theaſpe. I thought I had heard *Pyrrha*'s voice.

Lycom. A jealous woman's thoughts are her own and her huſband's eternal plague; ſo I beg you, my dear, ſay no more of her.

Theaſpe. And have I no reaſon but my own thoughts, my liege?

AIR XXIX. *Dicky*'s walk, in Dr. *Fauſtus.*

What give o'er!
I muſt and will complain.
Lycom. *You plague us both in vain.*
Theaſpe. *You won't then hear a wife!*
Lycom. *I muſt, it ſeems, for life.*
Teaze no more.
Theaſpe. *Nay, ſir, you know 'tis true,*
That 'tis to her I owe my due.
No thanks to you!

It behoves kings, ſir, to have the ſevereſt guard upon their actions; for as their great ones are trumpeted by fame, their little ones are as certainly and as widely convey'd from ear to ear by a whiſper.

Lycom. Theſe chimerical jealouſies, madam, may provoke my patience.

Theaſpe. Chimerical jealouſies!—And do you really, ſir, think your ignominious affair is ſtill a ſecret?—Am I to be ignorant of a thing that is already whiſper'd every where?

AIR XXX. Puddings and pyes.

Lycom. *The ſlips of a huſband you wives*
Will never forget:
Your tongue for the courſe of our lives
Is never in debt.

'Tis

'Tis now funning,
And then dunning;
Intent on our follies alone,
'Tis ſo fully employ'd that you never can think of your own.

Theaſpe. My ſuſpicions have, *indeed*, wrong'd *Pyrrha.*—How I reſpect and honour that girl!—*Deidamia*, that honourable, that virtuous creature *Pyrrha*, well deſerves both your friendſhip and mine.—As ſoon as you have found her bring her to me, that I may acknowlege the merits ſhe hath to me.

Exit Deidamia.

After the repulſe and diſgrace you have very juſtly met with, you might with reaſon cenſure me for want of duty and reſpect ſhou'd I upbraid you—'Tis paſt; and if you will never again put me in mind, I chuſe to forget it.—Yet, wou'd you reward virtue, and had you any regard for my quiet.—

AIR XXXI. My dilding, my dalding.

Ah! ſhou'd you ever find her
Complying and kinder;
Though now you have reſign'd her;
What then muſt enſue!
Your flame, though now 'tis over,
Again will recover;
You'll prove as fond a lover,
As I'm now of you.

Lycom. What wou'd you have me do?

Theaſpe. I wou'd have you diſtruſt yourſelf and remove the temptation.—I have long had it at heart to find a match for my nephew *Periphas*, and I really think we can never meet with a more deſerving woman.

Lycom. Whatever ſcheme you have for her, I ſhall not interfere with you.—I have had enough of her termagant humours; ſhe hath not the common ſoftneſs of the ſex.—'Tis my opinion, that *Periphas* will not find

find himſelf much oblig'd to you; for the man that marries her muſt either conquer his own paſſions, or her's, and one of 'em (according to my obſervation) is not to be conquer'd.

Theaſpe. Marriage, ſir, hath broke many a woman's ſpirit; and that will be only his affair.—When he takes her with him, your own family at leaſt will be eaſy.

Lycom. Her preſence juſt now wou'd be ſhocking.—I cou'd not ſtand the ſhame and confuſion.—I ſee her, and *Deidamia* with her.—Do with her as you pleaſe; you have my conſent. [*Exit.*

Enter Deidamia *and* Achilles.

Theaſpe. The character *Deidamia* hath given of you, and your own behaviour, child, have ſo charm'd me, that I think I never can ſufficiently reward your merits.

Ach. Deidamia's friendſhip may make her partial.—My only merit, madam, is gratitude.

Theaſpe. To convince you of the opinion I have of you—But I muſt firſt aſk you a queſtion—Don't you think, lady *Pyrrha*, that my nephew *Periphas* is very agreeable?

Ach. That impatience of his, to ſerve as a volunteer with the troops of *Lycomedes* at the ſiege of *Troy*, is becoming his birth.—So much fire, and ſo much ſpirit!—I don't wonder your majeſty is fond of him.

Theaſpe. But I am ſure, *Pyrrha*, you muſt think his perſon agreeable.

Ach. No woman alive can diſpute it.

Theaſpe. I don't know, every way, ſo deſerving a young man; and have that influence upon him, and at the ſame time that regard for him, that I would have him happy.—Don't think, child, that I wou'd make him happy at your expence; for knowing him, I know you will be ſo.—Was the princeſs *Caliſta* here, 'tis a match ſhe cou'd not diſapprove of; therefore let that

that be no obſtacle, for every thing, in regard to her, I take upon myſelf.

Ach. Wou'd you make me the obſtacle to his glory? pardon me, madam, I know myſelf undeſerving.

AIR XXXII. How happy are you and I.

Firſt let him for honour roam,
And martial fame obtain:
Then (if he ſhou'd come home)
Perhaps I may explain.
Since then alone the hero's deeds
Can make my heart give way;
'Till Ilion *falls and* Hector *bleeds,*
I muſt my choice delay.

Theaſpe. Nay, *Pyrrha*, I won't take theſe romantic notions of your's for an anſwer.—*Deidamia* is ſo much your friend, that, I am ſure, ſhe muſt be happy with this alliance; ſo, while I make the propoſal to my nephew, I leave you two to talk over the affair together. [*Exit.*

Ach. Was there ever a man in ſo whimſical a circumſtance!

Deid. Was there ever a waman in ſo happy and ſo unhappy a one as mine!

Ach. Why did I ſubmit? why did I plight my faith thus infamouſly to conceal myſelf?—What is become of my honour?

Deid. Ah *Pyrrha, Pyrrha,* what is become of mine!

Ach. When ſhall I behave myſelf as a man!

Deid. Wou'd you had never behav'd yourſelf as one!

AIR XXXIII. Fy gar rub her o'er with ſtraw.

Think what anguiſh tears my quiet,
Since I ſuffer'd ſhame for thee;
Man at large may rove and riot,
We are bound but you are free.

Are

Are thy vows and oaths miſtaken?
See the birds that wing the ſky;
Theſe their mates have ne'er forſaken,
'Till their young at leaſt can fly.

Ach. Peſter'd and worried thus from every quarter, 'tis impoſſible much longer to prevent diſcovery!

Deid. Dear, dear *Pyrrha*, confide in me. Any other diſcovery but to me only wou'd be inevitable perdition to us both.—Am I treated like a common proſtitute? Can your gratitude (wou'd I might ſay love!) refuſe to let me know the man to whom I owe my ruin?

Ach. You muſt rely, my dear princeſs, upon my honour; for I am not, like a fond weak huſband, to be teaz'd into the breaking my reſolution.

AIR XXXIV. *Beggar's* Opera. Hornpipe.

Know that importunity's in vain.
Deid. *Can then nothing move thee?*
Ach. *Aſk not, ſince denial gives me pain.*
Deid. *Think how much I love thee.*
Ach. *What's a ſecret in a woman's breaſt?*
Deid. *Canſt thou thus upbraid me!*
Ach. *Let me leave thy heart and tongue at reſt.*
Deid. *Love then hath betray'd me.*

Ach. For heaven's ſake, *Deidamia*, if you regard my love, give me quiet.—Intreaties, fondneſs, tears, rage, and the whole matrimonial rhetoric of woman to gain her ends, are all thrown away upon me; for, by the gods, my dear *Deidamia*, I am inexorable.

Deid. But, my dear *Pyrrha* (for you oblige me ſtill to call you by that name), only imagine what muſt be the conſequence of a month or two.—Think of my unhappy condition.—To ſave my ſhame (if you are a man of honour) you muſt then come to ſome reſolution.

Ach. 'Till I deſerve theſe ſuſpicions, *Deidamia*, methinks it wou'd be more becoming your profeſſions of love

love to ſpare 'em.—I have taken my reſolutions; and when the time comes, you ſhall know 'em: till then be eaſy, and preſs me no farther.

AIR XXXV. My time, O ye muſes.

Deid. *How happy my days and how ſweet was my reſt,*
Ere love with his paſſions my boſom diſtreſt!
Now I languiſh with ſorrow, I doubt and I fear:
But love hath me all when my Pyrrha *is near.*
Yet why have I griev'd?—Ye vain paſſions adieu!
I know my own heart and I'll think thee as true;
And as you know my heart, 'twou'd be folly to range;
For who'd be inconſtant to loſe by the change?

My life, my honour, then I implicity intruſt with you.

Ach. Who wou'd have the trouble of putting on a character that does not naturally belong to him! the life of a hypocrite muſt be one continual ſcene of anxiety. When ſhall I appear as I am, and extricate myſelf our of this chain of perplexities!—I have no ſooner eſcap'd being raviſh'd, but I am immediately to be made a wife.

Deid. But, dear *Pyrrha*, for my ſake, for your own, have a particular regard to your behaviour till your reſolution is ripe for execution.—You now and then take ſuch intolerable ſtrides, that I vow you have ſet me a bluſhing.

Ach. Conſidering my continual reſtraint, and how much the part I act differs from my inclinations, I am ſurpriz'd at my own behaviour.

AIR XXXVI. I am come to your houſe.

Your dreſs, your converſations,
Your airs of joy and pain,
All theſe are affectations
We never can attain.

The

The ſex ſo often varies,
'Tis nature more than art:
To play their whole vagaries
We muſt have woman's heart.

Deid. Your ſwearing too, upon certain occaſions. founds ſo very maſculine—an oath ſtartles me.—— Wou'd I cou'd cure myſelf of theſe violent apprehenſions!

Ach. As for that matter, there are ladies who, in their paſſions, can take all the liberties of ſpeech.

Deid. Then too, you very often look ſo agreeably impudent upon me, that, let me die, if I have not been mortally afraid my ſiſters wou'd find you out.

Ach. Impudent! are women ſo cenſorious, that looks cannot eſcape 'em?—May not one woman look kindly upon another without ſcandal?

Deid. But ſuch looks!—Nay, perhaps I may be particular, and it may be only my own fears; for (notwithſtanding your dreſs) whenever I look upon you, I have always the image of a man before my eyes.

Ach. Do what we will, love at ſome moments will be unguarded.—But what ſhall I do about this *Periphas?*

Deid. His heart is ſo ſet upon the ſiege, that I know you can have but very little perſecution upon his account.

Ach. Wou'd I cou'd go with him!

Deid. And cou'd you leave me thus?

Ach. Have you only a womaniſh fondneſs? I thought, *Deidamia*, you lov'd me. And you cannot truly love and eſteem, if in every circumſtance of life you have not a juſt regard for my honour.

Deid. Dear *Pyrrha*, don't mention it; the very thought of it kills me. You have ſet my heart in a moſt violent palpitation.—Let us talk no more upon this diſagreeable ſubject.—My ſiſters will grow very impatient.—Shou'd we ſtay longer together, I might again be importunate and aſk to know you; and I hath rather bear

the eternal plague of unſatisfied curioſity, than give you a moment's diſquiet.—They are now expecting us in the garden, and, conſidering my preſent circumſtances, I wou'd not give 'em occaſion to be impertinent, for of late they have been horridly prying and inquiſitive.—Let us go to 'em.

Ach. I envy that *Periphas*. His honour, his fame, his glory is not ſhackled by a woman.

AIR XXXVII. The Clarinette.

Ach. *Ah, why is my heart ſo tender!*
My honour incites me to arms:
To love ſhall I fame ſurrender?
By laurels I'll merit thy charms.
Deid. *How can I bear the reflection?*
Ach. *I balance; and honour gives way.*
Deid. *Reward my love by affection;*
I aſk thee no more than I pay.

A C T III.

Theaſpe, Periphas, Artemona.

THEASPE.

PERIPHAS, I have a favour to aſk of you, and poſitively I will not be refus'd.

Per. Your majeſty may command.

Theaſpe. Nay, nephew, 'tis for your own good.

Per. To obey your commands, madam, muſt be ſo.

Theaſpe. I am not, *Periphas*, talking to you as a queen, but as a relation, a friend.—I muſt have no difficulties; therefore I inſiſt upon your abſolute promiſe.

Per. I am not in my own power, madam.—*Lycomedes*, you know, hath acceded to the treaty of alliance; that

that to furniſh his quota, his troops are already embark'd, and that I have engag'd myſelf in his ſervice.

Theaſpe. Why will you raiſe obſtacles before you know the conditions? 'Tis a thing I have ſet my heart upon, and I tell you 'tis what in honour you can comply with.

Per. My duty, my obligations, put me entirely in your diſpoſal.

Theaſpe. You promiſe then ſolemnly, faithfully—

Per. I do.

Theaſpe. I have remark'd, *Periphas*, that you are prodigiouſly fond of the princeſs *Caliſta*'s daughter.

Per. I fond of her, madam!

Theaſpe. Nay, *Periphas*, are not you eternally at her ear?

Art. How I have ſeen that formidable hero, general *Ajax*, ſuffer upon your account!—Of all his rivals you are his eternal torment.—He reddens, ſighs, and (as much as is conſiſtent with ſuch a bluſtering ſoldier's valour) languiſhes whenever you are near her.

Theaſpe. You may ſafely own your paſſion, *Periphas*, for I know you think her agreeable.

Art. Beſides her being the faſhionable beauty of the court (which is ſufficient vanity to make all the young fellows follow her) you, of all mankind, in gratitude ought to like her.—I know all of 'em envy the particular diſtinctions ſhe ſhews you.

Theaſpe. I am convinc'd of her merits; and your marrying her I know wou'd make you both happy.

Per. Let me periſh, madam, if I ever once thought of it!

Theaſpe. Your happineſs you ſee hath been in my thoughts.—I take the ſettling this affair upon myſelf.

Per. How cou'd you, madam, imagine I had any views of this kind!—What, be a woman's follower with intention to marry her! Why, the very women themſelves wou'd laugh at a man who had ſo vulgar a notion of galantry, and knew ſo little of their inclina-

tions.—The man never means it, and the woman never expects it; and for the moſt part they have every other view but marriage.

Theaſpe. But I am ſerious, nephew, and inſiſt upon your promiſe.

AIR XXXVIII. No ſooner had *Jonathan* leap'd from the boat.

What are the jeſts that on marriage you quote?
All ignorant bachelors cenſure by rote;
Like critics you view it with envy or ſpleen.
You pry out its faults, but the good is o'erſeen.

Per. 'Tis not in my power, madam; 'tis not in my inclinations.—A ſoldier can have but one inducement to marry (and the woman may have the ſame reaſon too), which is, the opportunities of abſence.

Theaſpe. You know, nephew, you have promis'd.

Per. But ſuppoſe I am already engag'd.

Theaſpe. That will be another merit to her.

Per. 'Tis impoſſible, madam.—In a day or two you know I am to ſet out for the campaign.

Theaſpe. A lady of her romantic ſpirit can have no objections to following the camp.

AIR XXXIX. Love's a dream of mighty pleaſure.

Soldier, think before you marry;
If your wife the camp attends,
You but a convenience carry,
For (perhaps) a hundred friends.
If at home ſhe's left in ſorrow,
Abſence is convenient too;
Neighbours now and then may borrow
What is of no uſe to you.

I indeed fear'd *Pyrrha* might have ſtarted ſome difficulties, but if you rightly conſider the propoſal you can have none.

Per.

Per. What is the cauſe of the war we are now engaged in? Does not the fate of *Menelaus* ſtare me in the face?

Theaſpe. I will have no more of your trifling objections, *Periphas*; and as to your part, from this time I will look upon the affair as happily concluded.—All that now remains to be done is with *Pyrrha.* I have left her to *Deidamia*'s management; and without doubt her good offices muſt prevail, for you can never have a better advocate.—But ſhou'd the girl be perverſe and obſtinate!—'Tis impoſſible. For however her heart is already engag'd, no woman alive can reſiſt the ambition of ſuch an alliance. [*Exeunt* Theaſpe, *and* Artemona.

Per. Had I ſo little taſte of liberty as to be inclin'd to marry, that girl is of ſo termagant ſpirit!—The braveſt man muſt have the dread of an eternal domeſtic war.—In a tongue-combat woman is invincible, and the huſband muſt come off with ſhame and infamy; for though he lives in perpetual noiſe and tumult, the poor man is only ridiculous to his neighbours.—How can we ever get rid of her?—*Hercules* conquered the ſeven-headed *Hydra*, but his wife was a venomed ſhirt that ſtuck to him to the laſt.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. This rencounter, *Periphas*, is as I wiſh'd.——The liberties you have taken——you know what I mean—when my honour is concern'd—an indignity, and all that!—'Tis not to be put up; and I muſt inſiſt upon an explanation.—There is a particular affair, my lord.——

Per. Your accoſting me in this particular manner, lord *Ajax*, requires explanation.—For let me die, if I comprehend you!

Ajax. Death, my lord, I explain! I am not come here to be aſk'd queſtions.—'Tis ſufficient that I know the affront, and that you know I will have ſatisfaction.——So, now you are anſwer'd——

Per. I can't ſay much to *my* ſatisfaction, my lord; for I can't ſo much as gueſs at your meaning.

Ajax. A man of honour, *Periphas*, is not to be trifled withal.

Per. But a man of honour, *Ajax*, is not oblig'd in courage to be unintelligible.

Ajax. I hate talking.——The tongue is a woman's weapon. Whenever I am affronted, by the gods, this ſword is my only anſwer.

Per. 'Tis not, *Ajax*, that I decline the diſpute, or wou'd upon any account deny you the pleaſure of fighting; yet (if it is not too much condeſcenſion in a man of honour) before I fight I wou'd willingly know the provocation.

AIR XL. *Maggy Lawther.*

Ajax. *What is all this idle cheat?*
Words are out of ſeaſon.
Whether 'tis or this or that,
The ſword ſhall do me reaſon.
Honour call'd me to the taſk;
No matter for explaining:
'Tis a freſh affront to aſk
A man of honour's meaning.

Be it as it will, *Periphas*; we have gone too far already to retract.—You know, I ſuppoſe, of my pretenſions to a certain lady.—Now are you ſatisfied?

Per. If you had her, my lord, it had been much more to my ſatisfaction. I admire your courage.

AIR XLI. Lord *Frog* and lady *Mouſe.*

Oh, then it ſeems you want a wife!
Shou'd I conſent,
You may repent,
And all her daily jars and ſtrife
You may on me reſent.

Thu

Thus ev'ry day and ev'ry night,
If things at home ſhou'd not go right,
We three muſt live in conſtant fight.
Take her at all event.

Ajax. Hell, and furies! I am not to be rally'd out of my reſentment.

Per. Now, in my opinion, 'tis flinging away your courage to fight without a cauſe; though indeed the men of uncommon proweſs, by their loving to make the moſt of every quarrel, ſeem to think the contrary.

Ajax. You are not ſo ſure of the lady, *Periphas*, as you flatter yourſelf; for whenever I am a rival, by *Jove*, 'tis not her conſent, but my ſword, that muſt decide the queſtion.

Per. Sure never a rival (as you will call me) had a better reaſon for fighting than I have at preſent; for if I am kill'd, I ſhall be out of danger of having the woman.

Ajax. You might ſpare your jokes, *Periphas*, for my courage wants no provocation.—If I fall, *Pyrrha* may be your's: You will then deſerve her.—'Till then—

Per. So he that conquers, as a reward, I find is to be married.—Now dear *Ajax*, is that worth fighting for?——

Ajax. Your paſſion for that lady, *Periphas*, is too public to bear diſpute.—Have not I ſeen you whiſper her, laugh with her? And by ſome particular looks at the ſame time, 'twas too evident that I was the ſubject of your mirth.

Per. Looks, *Ajax!*

Ajax. Yes, looks, my lord; and I never did or will take an impertinent one from any man.

Per. Impertinent one!

Ajax. Furies! This calm mockery is not to be borne.—I won't have my words repeated.

Per. Such language, *Ajax*, may provoke me.

AIR XLII. *Richmond* ball.

Per. *What means all this ranting?*
Ajax. *Ceaſe your joking;*
'Tis provoking;
Per. *I to my honour will ne'er be wanting.*
Ajax. *Will you do me right?*
Per. *What means all this ranting?*
Ajax. *Ceaſe your joking;*
'Tis provoking,
Per. *I to my honour will ne'er be wanting.*
Ajax. *Talk not then, but fight.*
Give then by action
Satisfaction.
Per. *I'm not in awe, ſir.*
Ajax. *Death! will you draw, ſir?*
Tittle-tattle
Is a battle
You may ſafer try.
Per. *Yet, firſt, I'd fain know why.*

Ajax. By *Jupiter, Periphas,* 'till now I never thought you a coward.

Per. Nay then—ſince my own honour calls upon me.—Take notice, *Ajax,* that I *don't* fight for the woman. [*They fight.*

Enter Theaſpe, Artemona, *and* Guards.

1 *Guard.* Part 'em.—Beat down this ſwords. [*They are parted.*

2 *Guard.* How dar'd you preſume to fight in the royal gardens?

1 *Guard.* Nay, in the very preſence!—For ſee, the queen.

Ajax. 'Tis very hard, ſirs, that a man ſhou'd be deny'd the ſatisfaction of a gentleman.

Theaſpe. Lord *Ajax,* for this unparallel'd preſumption, we forbid you the palace.

Ajax. I ſhall take ſome other opportunity, my lord. [*Exit.*

Theaſpe.

Theaſpe. And as for you, *Periphas*—

Per. Your majeſty's rigor can do no leſs than forbid me the woman.

Theaſpe. The woman, *Periphas*, is the only thing that can reconcile me to your behaviour.

Per. That blundering hero *Ajax* will have it that I am his rival. The man will be almoſt as miſerable without her, as 'tis probable he might be with her.—Oblige us both then, madam, and let the general be miſerable in his own way.

Theaſpe. I cou'd not have imagin'd that obſtinate girl cou'd have had any ſcruples to the match; but *Deidamia* tells me ſhe finds her as difficult as you.

Per. Since you know, madam, that *Pyrrha* will have her own way; for both our ſakes, and to ſave yourſelf unneceſſary trouble, your majeſty had better give up this impoſſibility.

Enter Diphilus *and* Guards.

Diph. To prevent future miſchief, my lord, his majeſty puts you under arreſt, and commands you to attend him. General *Ajax* is already in cuſtody.—'Tis his pleaſure too, that (after you have paid your duty to him) you embark with the troops immediately; and you are not to come aſhore again upon pain of his majeſty's diſpleaſure.

AIR XLIII.

In war we've nought but death to fear,
How gracious is the ſentence!
For that is eaſier far to bear,
Than marriage with repentance.
Begirt with foes, by numbers brav'd,
I'd bleſs the happy criſis;
The man from greater danger ſav'd,
The leſſer ones deſpiſes.

Per. Your majeſty then, you find, muſt diſpenſe with my promiſe 'till after the expedition.—If the

general ſhou'd be ſo happy, to bring *Pyrrha* with him to the camp, perhaps we may like one another better.

Diph. The king, madam, wants to talk to your majeſty upon affairs of conſequence.—You will find him in the royal apartment.

Theaſpe. My daughter, with *Pyrrha*, have juſt turn'd the walk, and are coming this way.—You may ſtay with 'em, *Artemona*, till I ſend for you.

[*Exeunt* Theaſpe, Periphas, *&c.*

Enter Philoe *and* Leſbia.

Phil. 'Tis horridly mortifying that theſe tradespeople will never get any thing new againſt a birthday. They are all ſo abominably ſtupid, that a woman of fancy cannot poſſibly have the opportunity of ſhewing her genius.

Lesbia. The fatigue one hath of talking to thoſe creatures for at leaſt a month before a birth-day, is inſupportable; for you know, ſiſter, when the time draws ſo very near, a woman can think of nothing elſe.

Phil. After all, ſiſter, though their things are deteſtable, one muſt make choice of ſomething or other. I have ſent to the fellows to be with me this morning.

Lesbia. You are ſo eternally ſending for 'em, one wou'd imagine you was delighted with their converſation. For thoſe hideous ſtuffs they will ſhew us from year to year are frightful, are ſhocking. How can a woman have ſo ill a taſte as to expoſe herſelf in a laſt year's pattern!

Phil. Dear madam, I beg your pardon. Let me die, if I ſaw you!

Lesbia. Our meeting her was lucky beyond expreſſion, for I never felt ſo uneaſy a thing as a ſecret.

Phil. You know, ſiſter, we had agreed to truſt her with our ſuſpicions.

Lesbia. Yet after all, when a ſiſter's reputation is concern'd.

Phil. But is not the honour of a family of greater conſequence?

Lesbia.

Lesbia. Tho' ſhe is a woman and a favourite, I dare ſay, if *Artemona* promiſes, whatever ſhe ſuffers ſhe will inviolably keep it to herſelf.

Art. If I had not this quality, I had little deſerv'd *Theaſpe*'s friendſhip.—By all that's ſacred, ladies, you may ſafely truſt me.

Phil. 'Tis impoſſible, ſiſter, but ſhe herſelf muſt have obſerv'd it.

Lesbia. Whatever people have obſerv'd, 'tis a thing you know, that no creature alive can preſume to talk upon.

Phil. Deal fairly and openly with us, *Artemona.*—Have you remark'd nothing particular of *Deidamia* yonder of late?

Art. Of *Deidamia!*

Lesbia. Only look upon her, madam.

Phil. Well—what do you think of her?

Lesbia. Are you blind, *Artemona,* or dare not you believe your eyes.

Art. Her particular intimacy with *Pyrrha* do you mean?

Phil. Dear madam!—Then I find we muſt ſpeak firſt.

Lesbia. Now, dear *Artemona,* can any woman alive imagine that ſhape of her's within the compaſs of common modeſty?

Art. But how can one poſſibly have thoſe ſuſpicious?

Phil. She is a woman, madam; ſhe hath inclinations, and may have had her opportunities that we know nothing of.

AIR XLIV. Minuet of *Corelli* in the ninth *Concerto.*

We may reſolve to reſiſt temptation;
And that's all we can do:
For in the hour of inclination
What cou'd—I or you?

Lesbia. Though the thing is improbable, 'tis ſo monſtrouſly evident that it cannot bear a diſpute.

Phil. Then her boſom too is ſo prepoſterouſly impudent!—One wou'd think a women in her condition was not conſcious of her own ſhame.

Lesbia. Or imagin'd other people cou'd overlook it as well as herſelf.

Phil. Then ſhe is ſo ſqueamiſh and ſo frequently out of order.—

Lesbia. That ſhe hath all the outward marks of female frailty, muſt be viſible to all womankind.

Phil. But how ſhe came by 'em, there, *Artemona*, is ſtill the ſecret.

Lesbia. I muſt own that, by her particular intimacies with that forward creature *Pyrrha*, I ſuſpect her to be her confident in this accident.

Art. I beg you, ladies, to turn this diſcourſe; for *Deidamia* and *Pyrrha* are juſt coming upon us to join the converſation.

Enter Deidamia *and* Achilles.

Lesbia. Now I dare ſwear that careleſs creature *Pyrrha* hath not once thought of her clothes.

Art. Nay, dear lady *Pyrrha*, the thing is not ſuch a trifle, for 'tis the only mark of reſpect that moſt people are capable of ſhewing. And though that is not your caſe, I know your gratitude can never omit this public occaſion.

AIR XLV. *Tom* and *Will* were ſhepherds twain.

Think of dreſs in ev'ry light;
'Tis woman's chiefeſt duty;
Neglecting that, ourſelves we ſlight
And undervalue beauty.
That allures the lover's eye,
And graces ev'ry action;
Beſides, when not a creature's by,
'Tis inward ſatisfaction.

Ach. As I am yet a ſtranger, ladies, to the faſhions of the country, 'tis your fancy that muſt determine me.

Phil.

Phil. How can a woman of common ſenſe be ſo unſolicitous about her dreſs!

Lesbia. And truſt a woman to chuſe for her! 'Tis a temptation to be ſpiteful that very few of us can reſiſt; for we have not many pleaſures that can equal that of ſeeing another woman ridiculous.

Phil. But you have not, *Pyrrha*, miſplac'd your confidence.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your embroiderer, madam.

Phil. That woman is everlaſtingly peſtering me for employment. Now can ſhe imagine, that to promote her tawdry trade I can be talk'd into making myſelf ridiculous by appearing eternally in her odious embroidery?—I can't ſee her now.—But perhaps I may want her for ſome trivial thing or other.—Let her call again to morrow.

Serv. The anti-chamber, madam is crowded with trades-people.

Phil. Did not I tell you that I wou'd not be troubled with thoſe impertinent creatures?—But hold—I had forgot I ſent for 'em.—Let 'em wait.

Lesbia. But if thoſe foreign merchants who lately came into port are among 'em—

Phil. There, ſiſter, is all my hope. I ſhall be horridly diſappointed if they don't ſhew us ſomething charming.

Lesbia. Shou'd any woman alive get ſight of their things before us—

Phil. I cou'd not bear it.—To appear in what another woman had refus'd, wou'd make the creature ſo intolerably vain!

Lesbia. Are thoſe merchants, I aſk you, among 'em?

Serv. They have been waiting, madam, above this half hour.

Lesbia. And did not you know our impatience?—How cou'd you be ſo ſtupid!—Let us ſee them this inſtant. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter

Enter Ulyſſes *and* Diomedes, *diſguis'd as merchants.*

Art. Unleſs you have any thing that is abſolutely new and very uncommon, you will give us and yourſelves, gentlemen, but unneceſſary trouble.

Ulyſ. Our experience, madam, muſt have profited very little by the honour of dealing with ladies, if we cou'd imagine they cou'd poſſibly be pleas'd twice with the ſame thing.

Diom. You might as well offer 'em the ſame lover.

Ulyſ. We have learnt the good manners, madam, to diſtinguiſh our cuſtomers.—To produce any thing that had ever been ſeen before, wou'd be a downright inſult upon the genius of a lady of quality.

Diom. Novelty is the very ſpirit of dreſs.

Lesbia. Let me die, if the fellows don't talk charmingly!

Phil. Senſibly, ſiſter.

Lesbia. 'Tis evident they muſt have had dealings with ladies of condition.

Diom. We only wait your commands.

Ulyſ. We have things of all kinds, ladies.

Phil. Of all kinds!—Now that is juſt what I wanted to ſee.

Lesbia. Are not theſe, ſiſter, moſt delightful creatures?

Ulyſ. We know a lady can never fix unleſs we firſt cloy her curioſity.

Diom. And if variety can pleaſe, we have every thing that fancy can wiſh.

AIR XLVI. The bob-tail laſs.

In dreſs and love by like deſires
Is woman's heart perplext;
The man and the gown ſhe one day admires,
She wiſhes to change the next.
The more you are fickle, we're more employ'd,
And love hath more cuſtomers too;
For men are as fickle, and ſoon are cloy'd,
Unleſs they have ſomething new.

Lesbia. But, dear man, conſider our impatience.

Ulyſ. Wou'd you command the things, ladies, to be brought here, or wou'd you ſee 'em in your own apartment?

Phil. How intolerably theſe fellows love talking!

Lesbia. How canſt thou, man, aſk ſuch a queſtion!

Phil. Here——immediately.

Ulyſ. Nay, tis not, madam, that our goods can be put out of countenance by the moſt glaring light—as for that matter—

Lesbia. Nay, pry' thee, fellow, have done.

[Diomedes *goes out, and returns with* Agyrtes.

Ulyſ. I wou'd not offer you theſe pearls, ladies, if the world cou'd produce ſuch another pair.

Phil. A pair, fellow—Doſt thou think that jewels pair like men and women, becauſe they were never made to agree?

Diom. Now, ladies, here is all that art can ſhew you.—Open the packet.

Lesbia. This very individual pattern, in a blue pink, had been infinitely charming.

Phil. Don't you think it pretty, *Deidamia?*

Lesbia. For heaven's ſake, lady *Pyrrha.*—Nay, dear child, how can any creature have ſo little curioſity!

Ulyſ. Look upon it again, madam.—Never was ſo delightful a mixture!

Diom. So ſoft! ſo mellow!

Ulyſ. So advantageous for the complexion!

Lesbia. I can't bear it, man; the colour is frightful.

Phil. I hate our own tame home-bred fancy.—I own I like the deſign—but take it away, man.

Art. There muſt be ſomething pretty in every thing that is foreign. [Ulyſſes *ſhews another piece.*

Deid. I am ſure, madam, this muſt convince you to the contrary.—Never was any thing ſo deteſtable!

Lesbia. For heavens ſake, ſir, open that other packet; and take away this hideous trumpery.

Ulyſ.

Ulyſ. How coud'ſt thou make this miſtake?—Never was ſuch an eternal blunderer. [*Opens the armour.*

Phil. How ridiculous is this accident!

Diom. Pardon the miſtake, ladies.

Lesbia. A ſuit of armour!—You ſee, *Philoe*, they can at leaſt equip us for the camp.

Phil. Nay, *Lesbia*, for that matter it might ſerve many a ſtiff awkward creature that we ſee every day in the drawing-room; for their dreſs is every way as abſurd and prepoſterous. [*Another packet open'd.*

Ulyſ. If your expectations, ladies, are not now anſwer'd, let fancy own herſelf at a ſtand. 'Tis inimitable! 'Tis irreſiſtible!

[*As the ladies are employ'd in examining the ſtuffs*, Achilles *is handling and poiſing the armour*, Ulyſſes *obſerving him.*

Ach. The workmanſhip is curious; and ſo juſtly mounted! This very ſword ſeems fitted to my hand.—The ſhield too is ſo little cumberſome; ſo very eaſy!—Was *Hector* here, the fate of *Troy* ſhou'd this inſtant be decided.—How my heart burns to meet him!

Ulyſ. [*Aſide to* Diom.] That intrepid air! That godlike look! It muſt be he! His nature, his diſpoſition ſhews him through the diſguiſe [*To* Achilles.] Son of *Thetis*, I know thee, *Greece* demands thee, and now, *Achilles*, the houſe of *Priam* ſhakes.

Ach. But what are you, friend, who thus preſume to know me?

Ulyſ. You cannot be a ſtranger, ſir, to the name of *Ulyſſes*.

Ach. As I have long honour'd, I ſhall now endeavour, ſir, to emulate your fame.

Ulyſ. Know, ſir, *Diomedes*; he too is ambitious to attend you, and partake your glory.

Diom. Come, *Agyrtes*; with him we carry conqueſt to the confederates.

[Agyrtes *takes a trumpet, which lay amongſt the armour, and ſounds.*

AIR.

AIR XLVII. My dame hath a lame tame crane.

Ulyſ. *Thy fate then, O* Troy, *is decreed.*
Diom. *How I pant!*
Ach. *How I burn for the fight.*
Diom. *Hark, glory calls.*
Ach. *Now great* Hector *ſhall bleed.*
Agyr. *Fame ſhall our deeds requite.*

[As *Achilles* is going off, he turns and looks on *Deidamia.*

AIR XLVIII. *Geminiani*'s Minuet.

Ach. *Beauty weeps.—Ah, why that languiſh?*
See ſhe calls and bids me ſtay.
How can I leave her? my heart feels her anguiſh.
Hence, fame and glory. Love wins the day.

[He drops the ſword and ſhield.

Trumpet ſounds, and he takes 'em up again.

AIR My dame hath a lame, *&c. as before, ſung in four parts as a catch.*

Ulyſ. *Thy fate then, O* Troy, *is decreed.*
Ach. *How I pant! How I burn for the fight!*
Diom. *Hark, glory calls. Now great* Hector *ſhall bleed.*
Agyr. *Fame ſhall our deeds requite.*

[As they are going; *Achilles* ſtops, with his eyes fix'd on *Deidamia.*

Art. For heaven's ſake, ladies, ſupport *Deidamia.*

Phil. Never was any thing ſo aſtoniſhing!

Lesbia. Run then, *Artemona,* and acquaint the king and queen with what hath happen'd. [*Exit* Artemona.

Phil. Ah ſiſter, ſiſter, the myſtery then of that particular intimacy between you and *Pyrrha* is at laſt unravell'd.

Lesbia.

Lesbia. Now if it had not been a man of this prodigious conſequence, it had been the ſame thing.—— Sure never unguarded woman was ſo unaccountably lucky!

Deid. Can you leave me, *Achilles*?—Can you?

Ulyſ. Conſider your own glory, ſir.

AIR XLIX. Gavotte of *Corelli.*

Ach. *Why this pain?*
Love adieu,
Break thy chain,
Fame purſue.
Ah, falſe heart,
Can'ſt thou part?
Oaths and vows have bound me.
Fame cries, Go;
Love ſays, No.
Why d'ye thus confound me?

Deid. Think of my condition.—Save my honour.

Ulyſ. Think of the honour of *Greece.*

Deid. Think of your ſolemn oaths and promiſes.

Ulyſ. Nations depend upon you.—Victory, ſir, calls you hence.

Deid. Can you, *Achilles*, be perfidious?

Ulyſ. Can you loſe your glory in the arms of a woman?

Deid. Can you ſacrifice the fame of your faithful *Deidamia?*

AIR L. The ſcheme.

Ach. *O, what a conflict's in my breaſt!*
Ulyſ. *What, ſtill in ſuſpence? bid fame adieu.*
Deid. *See me with ſhame oppreſt:*
I curſe, yet I love thee too.
Ulyſ. *Let not her ſighs unman your heart.*
Deid. *Can you then go, and faith reſign?*
Ach. *Shou'd I!——How can I part?*
Deid. *Your honour is link'd with mine.*

Enter

Enter Artemona, Lycomedes, Theaſpe, Diphilus, Periphas, *and* Ajax.

Lycom. Hence, *Diphilus*; and preſume no more to come into my preſence. 'Twas your paltry flattery that made me ridiculous.—Such a genius can never be at a loſs for employment, for I have found you qualified for the very meaneſt offices. [*Exit* Diphilus.

Theaſpe. My daughter, ſir, I hope, hath put confidence in a man of honour.

Ach. My word, madam, is as ſacred as the moſt religious ceremony.——Yet (though we are already ſolemnly betroth'd to each other) 'tis my requeſt, madam, that before I leave the court the prieſt may confirm the marriage. [Theaſpe *whiſpers* Artemona, *who goes out.*

Theaſpe. This might have prov'd a ſcurvy affair, *Deidamia*; for a woman can never depend upon a man's honour after ſhe hath loſt her own to him.

[Achilles *talks apart to* Ulyſſes, Periphas, *&c.*

Lycom. You muſt own, madam, that 'twas your own jealouſies that were the occaſion of *Deidamia*'s diſgrace.

Theaſpe. How can you have the aſſurance to name it? Does it not put you in mind of your own?—Let her marriage to *Achilles* make us forget every thing paſt.

Ach. As you was ſo furiouſly in love, lord *Ajax*, I hope I ſhall ſtill retain your friendſhip.

Ajax. No joking I beg you, young man.—But pr'ythee, how came you here? and in a woman's dreſs too!—Your ſetting out, ſtripling, did not ſeem to promiſe much.

Ach. The adventure wou'd be too long to tell you.——I ſhall reſerve the ſtory for the camp.

[Artemona *returns, with the prieſt.*

Art. The prieſt, ſir, is ready.

Lycom. The ceremony waits you.

Ach. It ſhall be my ſtudy, *Lycomedes*, to deſerve this alliance.

Lycom.

Lycom. May you be happy!

Theaſpe. Let the prieſt then join your hands.

[Achilles, Deidamia, Lycomedes, Theaſpe, Lesbia, Philoe, Artemona, *retire to the back part of the ſtage. The prieſt performs the ceremony.*

Per. Our duel, *Ajax*, had made a much better figure if there had been a woman in the caſe.——But you know, like men of violent honour, we were ſo very valiant that we did not know what we were fighting for.

Ajax. If you are too free with your wit, *Periphas*, perhaps we may know what we quarrel about.

Ulyſ. What, teſty *Ajax!* Petticoats have led many a man into an error. How lucky was the diſcovery! for had you found a real complying woman, you had irretrievably been married.——The preſence of *Achilles* ſhall now animate the war.

AIR LI. The man that is drunk, &c.

Per. *Was ever a lover ſo happily freed!*
Ajax. *Try me no more; and mention it never.*
Ulyſ. *Suppoſe you had found her a woman indeed.*
Ajax. *Muſt I be teaz'd and worried for ever!*

Diom. *By conqueſt in battle we finiſh the ſtrife;*
Per. *But marriage had kept you in quarrels for life.*
Ajax. *Muſt you be ſleering?*
Truce with your jeering.
Know that you wits oft' paid for your ſneering.

Per. If you had been deceiv'd by a woman—'tis what we are all liable to.

Diom. But *Ajax* is a man of warm imagination.

Ajax. After this day let me hear no more of this ridiculous affair.

Per. Nay, for that matter, any man might have been deceiv'd; for love, you know, is blind.

Ajax.

Ajax. With my ſword I can anſwer any man.——I tell you, I hate joking. [Lycomedes, *&c. come forwards.*

Lycom. I have the common cauſe ſo much at heart, that I wou'd not, ſon, detain you from the ſiege.

AIR LII. There liv'd long ago in a country place.

Deid. *How ſhort was my calm! in a moment 'tis paſt;*
Freſh ſorrows ariſe, and my day is o'ercaſt.
But ſince 'tis decreed.——Let me ſtifle this tear.
Be bold, yet be cautious; my life is thy care;
On thine it depends; 'tis for thee that I fear.

Lycom. As both her country and your glory are concern'd, *Deidamia* muſt learn to bear your abſence.—In the mean time, *Achilles*, ſhe ſhall be our care.——As the marriage is confirm'd; let the dancers, who were preparing for th' approaching feſtival, celebrate the wedding.

Ajax. But hearkee, young fellow,——This is the old ſoldier's play; for we ſeldom leave quarters but the landlord's daughter is the better for us.—Hah! [*To* Achilles.

DANCE.

Ulyſ. We may for a while put on a feign'd character, but nature is ſo often unguarded that it will ſhew itſelf.——'Tis to the armour we owe *Achilles.*

AIR LIII. Minuet of *Corelli.*

Single. *Nature breaks forth at the moment unguarded.*
Chorus. *Through all diſguiſe ſhe herſelf muſt betray,*
Single. *Heav'n with ſucceſs hath our labours rewarded.*
Chorus. *Let's with* Achilles *our genius obey.*

AIR

AIR LIV. Saraband of *Corelli.*

Ulyſ. *Thus when the cat had once all woman's graces;*
Courtſhip, marriage, won her embraces:
Forth leapt a mouſe; ſhe, forgetting enjoyment,
Quits her fond ſpouſe for her former employment.

CHORUS.

Minuet of *Corelli.*

Nature breaks forth at the moment unguarded;
Through all diſguiſe ſhe herſelf muſt betray.
Heav'n with ſucceſs hath our labours rewarded;
Let's with Achilles *our genius obey.*